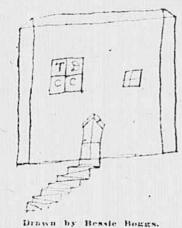




Drawn by Clifford Schnelder,

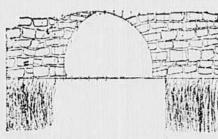




Drawn by Paul Ynrachek



Drawn by Ashby King.



Drawn by Graydon Binckwell.



Drawn by Susie Jones.



Drawn by Philip Edias.

Correspondence Column

A Happy Girl.

My Dear Editor,—I haven't written in such a long time I reckon you have forgotten me. I have been having a fine time since school closed. I stayed a week with my grandmether and a life T.D. C. C. members.

RUBY R. SEWARD,

Gordonsville, Va.

Hope to see this letter in the next Sunday's paper.

Hope to see this letter in the next Sunday's paper.

Old Member Heard From.

Dear Editor,—I am very sorry that I have not written anything to the T.-D. C. C. for a long time, but I went away for a while. Please excuse me. I have drawn two pletures, one for the bird contest and one for next Sunday, which I hope to see in print. I will have to close now. From your old member.

SALINA PRATCH,

78 West Clay Street, Retehmond, Va. P. S.—Excuse me, but I will not draw anything yet for the contest.

A New Member.

Dear Editor,—I saw in The Times-Dispatch Sunday where the T.-D. C. C. was giving a prize for the best story about a bird, I was very much interested and would like to become a member so I could take part in the contest. I would also like very much to write a continued story every Sunday. I read the T.-D. C. C. every Sunday and like it very, very much. I would like to rey, very much. I would like very much to bear from you If you have room for my continued story every Sunday. Hoping I can become a member, I am, yours truly,

BESSIE JOHNSON, Bon Air, Va.

RESSIE JOHNSON, Bon Air, Va.

Sends Drawing.

Dear Editor.—Having not sent in any drawing for a long time, and having not seen anything of the Children Page, so I thought I would draw a scenery of one house in Hopewell, Va. and I hope this drawing will pass Mr. Wustebasket. Well, I remain your loving old member.

MINTER DYSON,
Care Mr. E. H. Dyson, Sanitary Department, Du Pont Powder Co.

Please Do.

Glad You Like It.

Dear Editor, I received my prize the other day and was very pleased with it. I am trying to think of remething to send in next week. Thanking you for your beautiful gift, I remain. Your member.

Such An Interesting Letter.

Dear Editor, I am one of the country members, and I do leve the country. I wish so much you and some of the members that live in the city could come up here and hear the pretty birds sing and see the flowers bloom and enjoy the fresh breezes and good cool water. It is just beautiful uphers at hight. We live eighteen miles from trichnond. I am sixting by a window its tening at the birds sing now, while I am writing. We have a cat that has caught twelve moles this summer. Love to all the members and your dear self. Your loving member,

DOROTHY HUISON, Mancley's Junction, Va.

Another New Member.

Dear Editor - I am one of the country in the week's Prize Winners.

Dorothy Hudson, of Moseley Junction, Va.

Ashby King, Box 128, Windsor, Va.

Mary Lou Stainback, of 11 1-2 South Beech Street, city.

THE HEART OF MARY DEAN.

Mary, dear, do you know this is your brithday, said Mis. Dean to her little distance of the members and your dear self. Your loving member, below received, throwing her arms around her mother's neck. And what are you going to give me for a present, coaxed the

Another New Member.

Dear Editor.—I am rending you a drawing which I hope will be in the paper. I thank you for my badge. The paper was good last Sunday. Your new member.

BUSTER BARDEN.

Glad You Were Pleased.

My Dearest Editor.—I saw my letter in the paper last Sunday and am very much obliged to you for putting it in the paper. I am sending in a story and drawing which I hope will be printed this Sunday, and will thank you very much if you will print it.

MARY LOU STAINBACK.

It Certainly is.

grieved. Well, I remain your true member,

Jarratt, Va.

P. S.—Please excuse fountain pen ink.

So Glad You Liked It.

Dear Editor,—I received my medal over two weeks ago, and have never written to thank you for it. It is perfectly lovely, and I can never thank you for it. Werdscannot express my appreciation. I also want to thank the members who so freely showered congratulations upon me. This proves the unselfishness of our cith, doesn't it, dear Editor? As we do not take the Dispatch, I have not seen the page for two weeks, but shall try to get it this afternoon. I want to see if you have amounced the July contest. I hope that you enjoyed your vacation, as I feel sure you did. We missed your letter that was always so fulf of cheer, but we knew that you had not described us. Don't you know last night I had a "Midsummer Night's Dream," and it was about our T.-D. C. C. I received a card from Miss Virginia Fore some time ago. I certainly did appreciate it. Will send her a card soon. I am geing to sond a story soon. I will close with thanks the Editor,—I think it is so sweet of you to let us have a contest, because it in so het and I know you are warm in that office. I am sending in a story for the contest new, and please print it if you ban. I will not say I hope to get the prize, because I know that you may children can do better than I can, but I keep on trying, and I hope some day to get the prize. Well, as I raid, I am sending this in early as I know that you util be so rushed with your work just before the contest, and I hope some day to get the prize. Well, as I raid, I am sending this in early as I know that you to get slek, because I enjoy your letters in the T.-D. C. C. page so much. Lovingly.

Emerical except.

Lanesville, Va.

Prize Received.

Dear Editor,—I got my prize, and you have been and the prize of the

Lanesville, Va.

Lanesville, Va.

Prize Received.

Dear Editor,—I got my prize, and you don't know how I do appreciate it. I think it is the nicest little book I ever did read. Editor, will you please send me a membership badge, because I do want one so bad. There is one thing I want to ask you. If you send in anything to the T-D. C. C. on Monday, and it is not put in the paper next Monday, it is not going to be put in the paper, is it? And if you send in anything on Tuesday when is that going to be put in the paper? Please answer these two questions. I am sending in a story, which I hope will escape Mr. Waste-Basket. Your member.

MARGARET POINDEXTER.

Back Again.

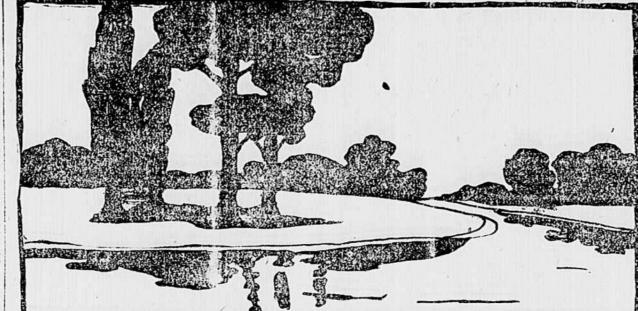
Back Again. Back Again.

Dear Editor,—I joined your club a long time ago, but I do not consider myself a member row, as I have not sent in any contributions since the first two Sundays after I joined. I will try to send in regular contributions now. I am sending in a story, which I hope will appear in the Sunday paper. Your friend,

PAULINE CONNER.

MY VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

Last summer, in August, my father, mother, sister and brother went up to my uncle's in the country about twenty-three miles in an auto. When we got one mile from the house we struck red-clay hills. We pulled about one-fourth of the way and we got to a soft hole, where we stuck. My father got out and put on some chains which got out and put on some chains which he had for the road. He finally got up there. We had a good time for two whole weeks. Coming back, it was raining hard, and a tree fell down and blocked the road up. Fortunately man came up the road with a He saw the tree in the way and showed us how to get by. We got home that night about 5:30 o'clock. It took my father about an hour and a half to clean it off good. Composed by, STUART WHITE.



Editorial and Literary Department

Care Mr. E. H. Drewn. Sailtary Depart.

Dear 10th. Dear flowed Co.

From 10th. Dear fl

ing to give me for a present, coaxed the little miss. Mrs. Dean put aside her sewing and turned smilingly to her little girl. Now, which had you rather little girl. Now, which had you rather have, a cute little bracelet or the big doil up at Steanheans, which you admired so. Mary reflected for a moment and then, all of a sudden, began to clap her hands. I know what I want. Won't you please give me the money to get it. Mrs. Dean looked at her little daughter for a moment and then smiled. Just as you say. Mary will thank you very much if you will print it. MARY LOU STAINBACK.

It. MARY LOU STAINBACK Street.

It Certainly is.

Day Bolton — Is not this fine weather? Dear Bolton — Is not this fine weather? The and we are having a good time and pretty. I am the string a bowl or it was greatly surprised when her mother are tripe and we are having a good time earling them. There are two yellow birds than have a nest near the plann trees. Some birding bowled their mother tried to teach them to fix. Beauth of the porch. When the birds were about a week way, and, waving her hand as should their mother tried to teach them to fix. It is getting in a bay, the life hope to see in print. It is drawn in blue ink but I have no other. I have rean the nice book you get in long walk she came to a dilapplate, a good time riding on the hay. I sm send thing to write as will stop. Yours truly and the context is fine. I will send my composition on Birds later. But the weather hot? It is just terrible here. I will send my composition on Birds later. Isn't the weather hot? It is just terrible here. Editor, tell more than one thing to the context is fine. I will send my composition on the others I duan to see Mrs. Jones? Mary tapped and the context is fine. I will send my composition on the others I duan to see Mrs. Jones? Mary tapped and the way through was greatly surprised when her mother mother in the grid was greatly surprised when her mother mother in the grid was greatly surprised when her mother mother in the safety of the grid was greatly surprised when her mother mother in the safety of the could hardly believe it. Mary, get was greatly surprised when her mother mother in the safety of the grid was greatly surprised when her mother mother in the safety of the grid was greatly surprised when her mother mother in the safety of the grid was greatly surprised when her mother mother in the safety of the grid was greatly surprised when her mother mother in the safety of the grid was greatly surprised when her mother mother in the safety of then smiled. Just as you say, then smiled. Just as you say, then smiled. Just as you say, then say as it looks, do you spose, Maysie."

"I don't know," answered May. "It called Mrs. Dean after her little daughter, who was already at the gate. All right, cried Mary, and, waving her hand as she disappeared around the corner. In the meantime Mary was hurrying through the poorer district of the city. After a long walk she came to a dilapidate. She sounded the looks do you spose, Maysie."

"I don't know," answered May. "It called Mrs. Dean after her little daughter, who was all right, though."

Patricla saw how covered the walls were with pictures—Harrison Fisher pictures, cut from the Cosmopolitan magazine. One fairy-like, dimpled girl was laughing at her from behind her muff.

With a sob she felt a dread of her own bare room. Nevertheless she hurbered for the complete statement of the complet a sad-faced woman of about thirty-five. Come in, little girl, and have a seat. Thank you, lady, Mary answered as she followed Mrs. Jones into the room. It was poorly furnished but yery clean. Mrs. Jones, I heard you: little boy was sick and I thought I would come and see how he was getting along. It was very kind of you. little girl, said Mrs. Jones, wiping a tear from her withered cheek. I fear little Bobby will never get will. I am so poor I can't afford to buy medicines and other little things he needs, she said sobbingly. Mary arose to her feet. Take this, Mrs. Jones, it will help you a little, she said, handing her the mone; that her mother gave her. The grate ful mother opened her mouth to out her thanks, but Mary skipped hap-pily out of the room.

Dear readers, don't you think the world would be far more happier if all of us was like little Mary Dear? Original. JENNINGS L. HUNT.

MY VISIT TO THE SOLDIER BOYS.

My mother took several of us chil- trees.

Drawn by Ruth Whitfield.

ter laugh, in spite of the unshed tears ter laugh, in spite of the unshed tears in the dark blue eyes. She bowed her head again, then raised her pale, girlish face limploringly to Alice Mayo Then she looked at the dainty sky-blue silk frock, draped with tulle and caught with rosebuds. She looked long and longingly at Alice's diamond necklace and the gems sparkling in her auburn-gold hair. There was longing in the glances, then a bifter laugh that sounded more like a sob—
"And everyone else has pretty things, but I—have not!"

A quivering sigh

A quivering sigh, "Now, Patsie, dear," said Alice, gently,

"I'd advise you to learn your speech Have you written it yet?"
"No, I haven't! I haven't! Oh!" "No. I haven't! I haven't! Oh!"
It was a passionate, rebellious cry
and Patricia O'Bannon flew like a
fawn across the campus. As she passed down the corridor of Milton House ed down the corridor of Milton House she heard sounds of laughing. Through an open door she saw half a dozen girls collected around a chafing dish. May Charlton was stirring a bowl or it, and a tall girl by her was saying. "It looks good. Will it tasto as good as it looks, do you spose, Maysie" "I don't know," answered May. "It certainly does look like good fudge, all right, though."

became queen, but pined for the forest; and it ended where she escaped, and did her fairy dance again in the woods.

It was towards the end, and Patricia, who was prompter, sat in one of the

wings. She glanced up at the foliage of the trees and saw a little red tongue dancing about. She did not notice it, and continued following the words of the magazine as she followed those of the magazine as the followed those of the participants. Suddenly she raised her already somewhat turned-up nos and sniffed. Was it smoke she smelled? As if in answer to her question, warm breath shot by her, and her eyes closed, smarting with the smoke in them. She sprang to her feet. prince, who was raving over the dis-appearance of his fay, needed prompting budly, and had stopped still, with his hands in his halr, unheeded. Patricia grabbed up the green cotton velvet cloak the prince had worn in the first act, and vainly endeavored to beat out the flames she saw slowly consuming the foliage of three or four My mother took several of us children to the Fair Grounds to see the soldiers. The tents certainly were pretty. We saw many men dressed alike. We had a good time playing tag on the grand stand while my mother talked to my brother, who helonged to the militia. After the boys had dinner we walked around the tents. When we got back to the grand stand we were tired, so we got on the car and came home.

ALICE COTTRELL. trees. It was no use; the cloak was too short. No one else saw the flames, and were amazed at the appearance of a frantic girl in a middy blouse and blue skirt on the stage, attempting to reach the foliage with a green mante. Regardless of the play, of herself, of the audience, she stopped to her she ran to the base of one of the trees. As she expected, it succumbed to her efforts to pull it down. It crashed down on the stage, causing Alice Mayo to stop in a flight from It was no use; the cloak was

"Alice Mayo" on her slip of paper and passed it up. Miss Flournoy looked carefully over them. "Patricia O'Bannon is nominated for president," she said, with her usual quiet smile. "Speech! Speech!" called the girls. Alice Mayo leaned across the gisle and cold birch tree not far off lived an old birch tree not far off

Patricia flushed. Then she rose and place than he did.

of the teacher's desk, and reddened again. "Take Alice Mayo; she is

the Carneal Gibson scholarship, and Silence, their applause.

"Patricia O'Bannon for president!" cried Marie Fitzhugh, and "Patricia O'Bannon!" cchoed Geraldine Cleve-land. The class shouted her name. Then Patricia said:
"Girls, I will try to be worthy of

this—this honor. And I hope I shall be as good a president as—as Alice Mayo should be."

And she was. VALERIE DE MILHAU.

MARY AND LUCY HOLT AT THE PICNIC

"It "Are you ready, Aunt Ida, to go to the picnic?" asked Lucy. "Yes," said her aunt, "I will be ready in a minute. Get me that black silk belt out of the top drawer." "All right," said Lucy. "Is Rosa ready?" "Why, Rosa, 'said her aunt (for Rosa had just come in that minute), you are not going to wear that hat are you? The straw is too thin in it. It is not fancy. When I was a little girl I did not have flowers and ribbon on my hat. My hat was covered with black silk and a single feather on it. And, why, that dress is too short. Girls these days dress different from what they used to."

"What was Aunt Ida saying to you just now. Rosa?" acked My and to go the fairy mount of the beautiful hemlock tree and waited for the fairy to appear. When the fairy came he jumped down.

"And why did you come hack" asked the fairy, recognizing the goblin.
"All right. But remember, if you trouble this beautiful hemlock, you shall lose your head."

The old goblin promised the fairy that he would not trouble the tree

"What was Aunt Ida saying to you just now, Rosa?" asked Marion. "Oh, nothing,' 'said Rosa. "Come on, the turned. Fishers are down there waiting for

"But is not Aunt Ida going, Rosa?" asked Marion.
in our machine. Father has gone to in our machine. Father has gone to fairmount, and won't be back until half-past 9," said Rosa. "Who's going half-past 9," said Rosa. "Rosa half-past 9," said Rosa half-past 9, said with Aunt Ida and father in our ma-chine?" asked Marion. "All of us can-not get in with the Fishers. Lucy has been getting into mischief this morn-ing, so mother said she should go with Aunt Ida and father."

"Well, I recken she has cried her eyes out now," said Marion. "You know how she carries on." "Come on, Marion," said Rosa, "don't you hear mother calling us."

"How are we all going to get in this machine, Mrs. Fisher?" asked Mrs.

"This is a seven-pasenger car," said

"Come, Rosa," said her mother. come and sit with Mrs. Fisher and

and Marion and Ruth can sit in the middle seat." When they reached Buckroe it was 10 o'clock, so they thought they would go in swimming. Not long after that

the other car came with Lucy and Aunt. They stayed there that evening and went home. Everybody had a good time.

MARGARET BELKNAP,

Age 10 Years. (The End.) WHERE I WEST JULY THE FIF-TEENTH.

Mother took all of us to Dr. Sheron's Lake, about six miles from our

In the morning we talked and told jokes. In the evening a lady named Miss Brand made some mint jelly. We watched the ball game some, but we could not tell one side from the other. Then we came back and went out rowing. The boat came nearly turning over once, and I got scared. We were nearly to the end of the pend, and when we came back we saw that some of the girls were in bathing, so we went in too. While we were dressing the boy who took we care there went. the boy who took us over there went out rowing and left our mule out there where automobiles were going backwards and forwards all day long. Our wards and forwards all day long. Our wards and forwards all day long. Our mule was scared of automobiles, and while he was gone the mule turned the while he was gone the mule turned the and everytime I look at this picture while he was gone the mule turned the carriage over on the side and broke the shaft. We had the shaft fixed, but one of our friends had a mighty nice car and took us home. We had a very nice time and also a nice ride.

Composed by

MARGARET ELLEN POINDEXTER.

THE BOY. Once there was a boy who wouldn't

obey his mother. She told him to stop playing with dogs—they might bite. He wouldn't mind her, so one day he got bit by one he was playing with. The dog was a mad dog. (Original.) Composed by G. B. KING, Jr.

Puzzle Department

JUMBLED NAMES OF BOYS.

Hamoat. Ulsmae. Drnogo. Rhebret. Wloces. Throre. Oegreg. Ynerh. Tiwnio.

Composed by ANN FLIJA McKEE.

JUMBLED NAMES OF STATE

Epalp Obmsols, Lidw Sreo, Apche Lsbsoom,

4. Nloiamga. 5. Rronoueddodh.

Dre Rieveo. Lbteritoro. Senemoai Rifwoe.

Gseo Yill.

11. Anrytsg MARY FRANCES MUSSEN.

My first is in C, but not in cat.
My second is in O, but not in oh.
My third is In C, but not in cot. fourth is in C, but not in at.
fifth is in C, but not in calf.
sixth is in O, but not in of.

seventh is in I, but not in of. eighth is in A, but not in abaline My eighth is in A, but not in abaline. My whole is the name of a good

LEROY MORING.

THE FAIRY AND THE HEMLOCK

goblin. The goblin did not like the fairy because she lived in a prettier

One day the goblin came over to the pretty hemlock with a tiny saw

and ax in a tiny bag. "You are of no use and you are of no good in this world. I will cut you down," said the old goblin.

"Oh, yes, I am of some good," answered the poor tree. "Under my roots is a dear little fairy castle. I shelter worthy. Anyway, I can't come next year."

"Excuse me," said Miss Flournoy. "I beg leave to announce the winner of the Carneal Gibson scholarship—Miss Patricia O'Bannon."

is a dear little fairy castle. I shelter that. The children love to play under my branches, and in autumn they love of the carneal Gibson scholarship—Miss Patricia O'Bannon." Patricia gasped. She had worked for down."

"Yes, I am going to cut you down," said the goblin in a harsh tone, as he reached into his bag after his saw. When he got his saw out, a fairy stood before him and said, "What are you going to do with this tree?"
"I don't think that is any of your

business," answered the goblin.
"Well, I know what you will do with
it—you will leave it alone."
The goblin paid no attention to the
fairy, and was determined to saw the

tree down. He put his saw to the tree, but no sooner had he done it, when the fairy touched him on each arm with her magic wand and each fel to the ground.

that he would not trouble the tree again. The fairy waved her wand

turned. In the autumn the hemlock and all the other trees in the wood were dressed in gold, red, brown and orange, asked Marion. "Yes, Aunt Ida is going asked Marion. "Yes, Aunt Ida is going but the hemlock by the brook was the prettiest of them all. The brook Fairmount, and won't be back until danced by it merry and laughing, the chil-

it under the full moon, and the tree was as happy as could be.

PAULINE CONNER. MY SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC.

Tuesday, June 27, we went on our Sunday school picnic to Buc Beach and had a grand time. Buckroe uncles got off the train before we did. "This is a seven-pasenger car," said Mrs. Fisher, "and you said your youngest child was going with Mr. Holt, so there will be pienty of room."

"Anna can sit in front with her Mr. Fisher, for I don't think she would mind sitting with her father," said Mrs. but they went to get us a table a little after 9. All of us had a lovely

time, and hope to go next year. Composed by MARY LOU STAINBACK.

THE LOST SISTER.

There was once a girl whose name was Polly. She was boarding with a person who took plty on her and charged her nothing. Two other girls boarded at the same house, but they were rich.
They noticed that every day when

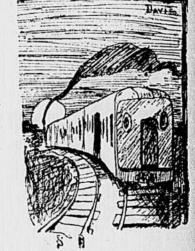
Polly came down stairs that her eyes were red and swollen, and one day decided to go into her room and see what was the matter. They went, and saw the picture of a

little girl crying by her empty stocking on Christmas morning. Then they asked her what was the matter, and she told them the following story: "When I was seven years old my

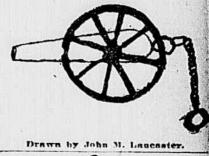
little sister and I would always play

and sho cays her name is 'Tootsie.'
The girls said, "Come, Polly, and see if it is her, we are most sure it is."
Polly got her hat and coat and went.
When she reached there she questioned



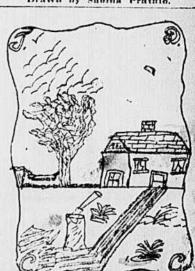


Drawn by Mary E. Davis.





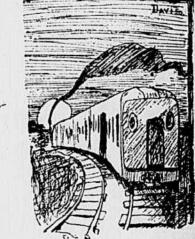




Drawn by Minte Dycon







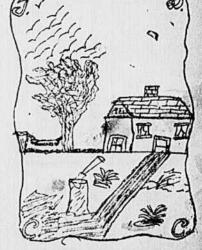




Drawn by Hortense Dewell.



Drawn by Sabina Pratalo





red bear.